BRARY·CHICAGO

Covent Garden prompt books.
V. 6

THE BIRTH-DAY:

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE, AND ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,

By THOMAS DIBDIN,

AUTHOR OF THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR, &c.

LONDON:

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1800.

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TO

THOMAS HARRIS Esq.

SIR,

THE Play you have done me the honor to entruſt me with for alteration, is, in the following form, gratefully returned to you; if its value has been leſſened by my interlineations or abridgments, that value has been amply reſtored by the decided and flattering acceptance of the moſt critical and enlightened audience in the univerſe.

It was formerly my intention to have pointed out, in this edition, the variations I have ventured to make from the original; but the play of "Re-"conciliation" has now been ſo long publiſhed, and the liberties I have taken with it have already been ſo ably examined, cenſured, and applauded, that further diſcrimination would be here unneceſſary.

No one liſtens with greater deference to the voice of candid and impartial criticiſm than myſelf; and where it deſigns to amend while it corrects, it is the real friend of every candidate for public favour. Whatever may be its ſentence on the

drama before you; however numerous the defects it may expose, I shall at least hope to be exempted from censure in asserting, that this Comedy "with "all its imperfections on its head," is *one* of the best *acted* plays on the English stage. I say not this to flatter the Performers:—to thank them with sincerity is my duty, and never were thanks on the part of an author more justly due.

As it was last year the rage to applaud, it has now become the fashion to decry, the introduction of the German drama to our theatres. On this point I dare not presume to give any other opinion, than that a play which recommends peace, amity, and benevolence will be grateful to the feelings of an Englishman, whether the offspring of his own or of any other country.

Your conduct to me, Sir, with regard to this play, as in every other instance, has united the gentleman with the man of business; and it is with truth and pleasure I subscribe myself,

DEAR SIR,

With Respect and Esteem,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

THOMAS DIBDIN.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. H. JOHNSTON.

A Foreign Muſe, not quite unknown to fame,
Once more preſumes your ſuffrages to claim;
Yet nothing alien to your hearts you'll find,
Our author boaſts a truly Britiſh mind.
To wake each ſoft emotion of the ſoul,
And each ungentle paſſion to controul;
To build our happineſs on other's eaſe,
Domeſtic virtue, and domeſtic peace;
Theſe are his leſſons; and their truth we own
In Britain, from the cottage to the throne.
Tho' loud the trump of fame her clarion ſounds,
And England's glory thro' the world rebounds;
Her arts, her commerce ſpread from ſhore to ſhore,
Wherever winds can blow or oceans roar:
'Tis not her valour only awes mankind,
She claims the nobler empire of the mind—
Her gallant ſon, the bold and hardy tar,
Brave and impetuous in the ſtorm of war,
Lull'd by the gentle gales of peace to reſt,
Feels all the milder virtues warm his breaſt;
He praiſes heav'n for vict'ry o'er his foe,
And gives a tear to ev'ry child of woe.
One ſuch to-night we bring before your view,
To paſſion ſomewhat given, we own, 'tis true;
When injur'd, warm; when reconcil'd, ſincere;
And is not this an Engliſh character?
But ſtop—no more of characters I'll ſay—
You'll know them all, when you have heard our play:
To their own merits let them truſt their cauſe,
Your frown condemns—ſave them by your applauſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

11½	Captain Bertram - -	Mr. Munden.
5	Mr. Bertram - - -	Mr. Murray.
6	~~Harry Bertram X - -~~	~~Mr. Johnston.~~
	Jack Junk - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
3½	Lawyer Circuit - -	Mr. Waddy.
1	William - - - - -	Mr. Abbott.
6	Emma - - - - - -	Mrs. Pope.
	Mrs. Moral - - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
1	Ann - - - - - -	Mrs. Whitmore.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

ACT I. - Begins - p. 9.

SCENE I.—*Outside of* BERTRAM's *House, a neat Cottage Building, with a Barn near it.*

Enter WILLIAM; ANN *enters from the house.*

WILLIAM.

GOOD morrow, Mrs. Ann!—Well, how does veyther's lodger your maſter?

ANN.

He has ſlept well, William; he mends every day.

WILLIAM.

I'm main glad, for Miſs Emma's ſake: and, ecod, for your ſake, Mrs. Ann.—But I be afraid he is not quite ſo tightiſh yet.—I often do hear un cough.

ANN.

Ay, ay; but the doctor says, if the heart is sound, never mind the lungs.

WILLIAM.

Ecod, and zo do I zay. Better lose all the lungs than only have half a heart.

ANN.

I'm sure my poor master has heart enough; I was his nurse from a child.—He was always good-natured, and if Providence has denied him riches, it was to keep him from being a miser, like his brother.

WILLIAM.

They do zay that the Captain and your master ha' gotten into a law-suit.

ANN.

Ay, it has lasted fifteen years; and for what, I trow?—why, a shabby little garden. It's a shame for so rich a body ———

WILLIAM.

I thinks an Miss Emma were to go to him——

ANN.

She ha'n't seen him since she were a year old. She go! What to be scoff'd and jeer'd, I warrant, by the madam that governs him:—No, no, she's too good for that. The Captain's son has been turn'd out of doors already, through her and that Lawyer

Lawyer Circuit; and you may be ſure ſhe'll prevent any one elſe from coming into favour.

WILLIAM.

Here comes Miſs Emma and the old gentleman. I do love the very ſight of her:—and, ecod, if the old houſekeeper, or any one elſe, were to jeer at her, as you call it, I ſhould like to have the pummelling o' un, that's all. [*Exit into Barn.*

Enter Mr. BERTRAM *and* EMMA *from Houſe.*

BERTRAM.

Here let me walk—Here the air is pleaſant.

Enter HARRY.

HARRY.

Ah! charming to ſee you for the firſt time breathing the freſh air.

BERTRAM.

Welcome, my good ſir—Give me your hand.

EMMA.

Good morning, dear Mr. Danvers.

BERTRAM.

How happy muſt a man feel whoſe liberality ſaved the life of a father, and reſtored to a helpleſs orphan her only protector.

HARRY.

Were our profeſſion always in uniſon with our wiſhes, we ſhou'd be happy indeed!

BERTRAM.

Is it therefore leſs noble when you do your utmoſt endeavour? I knew you not, when poverty and the loſs of my cauſe appeared inevitable; but you came day and night, procured me medical aſſiſtance, and comforted me, or my Emma, by your benevolent looks. You gave conſolation and confidence, two things abſolutely neceſſary for a ſick man.

HARRY.

Why have I permitted you to ſay ſo much?

BERTRAM.

To-day I celebrate my ſixty-third birth-day; for that I am to thank you. My child is not an orphan; for that alſo I thank you, my dear friend.

HARRY.

I muſt abſolutely forbid this kind of converſation. I have done my duty, and I wiſh I could always ſucceed ſo well. When we ſpoke laſt night of your Birth-day, I hoped that I ſhou'd this morning be enabled to give you the welcome news, that your law-ſuit with your brother was at an end.

BERTRAM.

That wou'd, indeed, be a delightful preſent to me.

HARRY.

HARRY.

And I have not yet loſt my hopes. There is every reaſon to ſuppoſe my endeavours will be at laſt ſucceſsful.

BERTRAM.

And what reaſon have *I* to ſuppoſe I ſhall ever be able to reward exertions ſo perfectly diſintereſted?

HARRY.

Not ſo diſintereſted as you may imagine.

Enter ANN, *from Houſe.*

ANN.

Breakfaſt is ready, Sir.

BERTRAM.

Will you, Sir, partake with me?

HARRY.

I have a friend in the neighbourhood whom I muſt viſit.

BERTRAM.

Not a moment will I detain you—I know by experience the value of your friendſhip too well, to wiſh for an inſtant to monopolize it.

[*Exit, led by* ANN, *into Houſe.*

EMMA.

What will you think of me, my dear Sir, that I was ſo ſilent when my father returned you his thanks? But I don't know how it happens, when I wiſh to ſpeak, tears interrupt my words.—Don't you think that my father will live to be very old now?

HARRY.

If he is careful not to exert himſelf too much,

EMMA.

That ſhall be my care.

HARRY.

And will you always remain with him?

EMMA.

Always, always.

HARRY.

But if other duties ſhould call upon you?—

EMMA.

Other duties! What duties can be more ſacred?

HARRY.

The duties of a wife, of a mother.

EMMA.

No—I never intend to marry.

HARRY.

HARRY.

Never marry?

EMMA.

Not if I ſhould be obliged to leave my father.

HARRY.

Your huſband would ſupply the place of a ſon.

EMMA.

And the ſon would take the daughter from the father.

HARRY.

But if a man could be found who would beſtow on your father a quiet old age, free from every ſorrow; who, far from robbing the father of a good daughter, would weave the garland of love round three hearts, who would live under his roof, and multiply your joys, by reconciling your father and your uncle——

EMMA.

Such a one, indeed, if I could meet him.

HARRY.

Cou'd you love him?

EMMA.

Cou'd *you* do otherwiſe?

HARRY.

And if your father ſhould bid you give your heart and hand to that man——?

EMMA.

I wou'd do it with pleaſure. But that is all I cou'd give him, becauſe we are poor.

HARRY.

Oh! you know not how rich you are! There are men yet in the world, who know the value of goodneſs.—Adieu! But remember our converſation. A time may come when I ſhall remind you of it.

(*Leads her to the Cottage and returns.*)

So far, ſo well.—Were I to diſcloſe to my friend Bertram, that I am the ſon of that brother with whom he is at variance, all my hopes of happineſs would be quickly overturned:—but if I can, undiſcovered, paſs a day longer as his friendly agent, my ſcheme will certainly be ſucceſsful. And if, by means of it, I obtain my Emma, finiſh a lawſuit, and reconcile a divided family, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of doing a good office to my fellow-creatures, while, at the ſame time, I am laying up felicity for myſelf. [*Exit.*

1

Sir² — Park Trunk — Sug of Croup
R — M.ᴿ Chorak

2.

L — circuit

Table. 2 Chairs Act 1.

SCENE II.—*A Room at* Captain BERTRAM's.

JACK JUNK *discovered drinking.*

JUNK.

This is Captain Bertram's My master's birth-day! (*drinks.*)—Sixty-three years!—May he live!—no matter how long, ſo he out-lives me.—There's his ſon Harry, a dog! playing his maſquerade tricks within hail:—but I've ſent him a ſhot that will bring him to, I warrant.—Soh!—here comes our hypocritical houſe-keeper:—what a devil of a thing for an old tar, who has paſſed half his life at ſea, to be plagued on ſhore by a Purſer in petticoats.

Enter Mrs. MORAL.

Mrs. MORAL.

What, drinking again!—I tell you its both immoral and ungenteel.

JUNK.

And I tell you its damn'd-good.—It goes down you ſee: for it's my maſter's health.

Mrs. MORAL.

Pſha! drinking healths makes people ſick; and I dare ſay made our maſter's brother ſo ill.

JUNK.

JUNK.

Or who knows but he came along-ſide of a troubleſome houſekeeper. Your health, Mrs. Moral:—Pſha! the toaſt ſticks in my throat. Will you drink, Mrs. Moral? It's fine grog.

Mrs. MORAL.

Grog! how ungenteel! *(drinks hearty.)* what ſhocking ſtuff!

JUNK.

You drink as if you cou'dn't bear the ſight of it. Well, how is the Captain's gout? I hope he'll live.

Mrs. MORAL.

Under my care a couple of months at leaſt.

JUNK.

What?

Mrs. MORAL.

Till Autumn; but when the leaves begin to fall——

JUNK.

Avaſt! No, no—*(moved, and then angry)* The leaves fall! No, no—I ſay—

Mrs. MORAL.

What immorality! If you ſay *no* till you're tired, and Death ſays *yes* once, it's all over.

JUNK.

3

K— Capt Bertram Small book
Bank Note in it

JUNK.

When the leaves begin to fall! Has the Doctor ſaid ſo?

Mrs. MORAL.

The Doctor! nonſenſe! I warrant I know as much as the Doctor. The Captain has the gout, and if once it gets into his ſtomach he's gone.

JUNK.

I had better go too, or I ſhall loſe my temper. The gout in his ſtomach—Well, well! only to think the Captain ſhou'd have taken ſo many prizes of all nations, to be run down by a Tartar at laſt *(looking at Mrs.* MORAL.*)* [*Exit.*

Mrs. MORAL.

The fellow! how ungenteel! and what a contraſt to my dear friend Mr. Circuit. Oh, here he comes!

Enter CIRCUIT.

Ah! Mr. Circuit, ſo ſoon to ſee you——

CIRCUIT.

So ſoon—ſo late, you mean.—The lawſuit's ended, and ſo are our profits; for the brothers have juſt ſigned a bond of arbitration.

Mrs. MORAL.

Arbitration! Without conſulting you, or aſking my advice?

CIRCUIT.

CIRCUIT.

It's true, as I'm an honeſt man.

Mrs. MORAL.

How vaſtly ungenteel! But what ſhall we do, Mr. Circuit?

CIRCUIT.

Defeat their projects—Create ſuſpicions, and renew the quarrel.

Mrs. MORAL.

But if we ſhould not ſucceed in keeping them at variance—

CIRCUIT.

Why, then, they muſt make it up. A fine theatrical ſcene will follow—the two old fools will fall a-crying, Miſs will wheedle her uncle out of a good legacy, and we ſhall be nonſuited.

Mrs. MORAL.

And have I been ſo careful of the Captain for this? Ah! Mr. Circuit, 'tis for you I have played his son my cards—'tis for you I have got Mr. Harry turned out of the houſe.—The thouſand pounds I have amaſſed, and the legacy I expected, were deſtined to accompany a heart which—but no will is made yet, and none ſhall be made but of your drawing up; and for the contents of it—

CIRCUIT.

Truſt to my honeſty. Though I can't ſee the probability of the Captain's diſinheriting his ſon, after all.

Mrs.

Mrs. MORAL.

Were his ſon in want, 'tis probable the old man's heart might relent; but the independence his God-father has left him, has only irritated the Captain more; for I have made him believe, that that very independence has been the cauſe of his diſreſpect.

CIRCUIT.

But that may one day or other be explained away, Mrs. Moral.

Mrs. MORAL.

My dear Sir, impoſſible!—how very ungenteel to doubt my ſkill and foreſight—And ſhou'd we even fail, we have yet enough to ſecure a cottage, which, free from the immorality of the world, and ſweetened by love and affection——

CIRCUIT.

Better ſweeten it with a rich legacy. But mum! Here comes the Captain—Don't forget your morality.

Mrs. MORAL.

How ungenteel to remind me of it!

R. *Enter* Captain BERTRAM.

(Mrs. MORAL *runs to get a chair.*)

CAPTAIN.

Good morning—good morning. I have ſlept rather too long: but for that I may thank my laſt night's late viſitor.

CIRCUIT.

CIRCUIT.

Have you had company, Sir?

CAPTAIN.

Only one gueſt, only one; and the devil may take him—the gout, my friend, the gout.—Take a ſeat, Sir, if you like; or, if you prefer ſtanding, it's all the ſame to me. As for me, I am fit for nothing but to be nailed to a chair.

CIRCUIT.

The gout, Sir, is a complaint which often knocks at the door of the rich.

CAPTAIN.

Knock at the door! Zounds, it breaks into the houſe.

CIRCUIT.

Hem! Pardon me, Captain; but I am told you have ſigned a bond of arbitration?

CAPTAIN.

Yes, I have; and what of that?

CIRCUIT.

And that you mean to ſettle your law-ſuit with your brother?

CAPTAIN.

Yes, I will; and what of that?

CIRCUIT.

CIRCUIT.

Aſtoniſhing! And how came you to have ſuch an idea after fifteen years?

CAPTAIN.

There you are right—It ſhou'd have been done fifteen years ago.

CIRCUIT.

Now the buſineſs reſts ſo well.

CAPTAIN.

That is my reaſon; becauſe it reſts and never advances.

CIRCUIT.

The great point would have come on to-day.

CAPTAIN.

And what ſhould I have gained?

CIRCUIT.

You wou'd have known in what court of juſtice the action ought to have been brought.

CAPTAIN.

And then I ſhou'd have the pleaſure of beginning the law-ſuit over again. A mighty matter indeed! that, after fifteen years quarrelling, I ſhou'd at laſt know to which court of juſtice the action belongs.

CIRCUIT.

That is not my fault:—I am an honeſt man.

CAPTAIN.

I know that.

CIRCUIT.

Your brother's chicaneries——

CAPTAIN.

That's my reaſon again.—He had no deſire to bring the action to an end till I was dead. But, now I have driven him from the ocean of law into the harbour of arbitration, I will blockade him there, and take care he ſhall not eſcape me.

CIRCUIT.

He'll be the gainer by it.

CAPTAIN.

And if he ſhould:—the whole nonſenſe is not worth a hundred pounds. The law-ſuit has already coſt me five times that ſum.

CIRCUIT.

But I ſhou'd be very ſorry ſo bad a man ſhou'd gain his point againſt your honor: indeed, he could not have held against you at all, but for the aſſiſtance he has had from your ſon.

CAPTAIN.

An unnatural young dog! But let my brother keep the garden; his injuſtice will never let him enjoy it.

Mrs. MORAL.

Your father made *you* the heir of it.

Lu. Mr. Morat. You, you; - he and your brother's daughter
his Emma have a mind to make a match of it,
I'm told: 'tis for her sake he's so generous to
Mr. Bertram.

Capt. Ber. An unnatural young dog. But let my brother
keep the garden, &c.

4

R— Sick Sunk – Tobacco box

a – tormented with the gout; – and ✗ have nothing more to do, but just to die in heart ~~and~~ the graceless wretch, and leave this world in peace.

CAPTAIN.

He did ſo.

CIRCUIT.

And while you were on the boiſterous ſeas, fighting the waves and the enemies of your country——

MRS. MORAL.

Comes this wicked wretch—(I beg pardon, as he is your honor's brother)—and takes poſſeſſion of the garden.

CAPTAIN.

So he did,—a dog!

MRS. MORAL.

And if you ſettle the law-ſuit, a formal reconciliation will take place.

CAPTAIN.

Never, no, never! Pſha! It is not for my brother's ſake I wiſh the law-ſuit finiſhed—I do it only for my own repoſe. Fifteen years ago I would not have ſhrunk an inch from my right:—But now I grow old—I am plagued with an ungrateful ſon—tormented with the gout:—and I ſhou'd like to leave this world in peace.

CIRCUIT.

Moſt humanely ſaid.

MRS. MORAL.

And like a Chriſtian.

CIRCUIT.

Perhaps, my dear Sir, you wou'd wiſh to make your will.

Mrs. MORAL.

Make his will! For heav'n's ſake don't talk of his honor's will. You break my heart at the idea.

CAPTAIN.

Mrs. Moral, you're a good ſoul! I have here a preſent for you. You have watched me in my illneſs with tenderneſs and anxiety. In return, I give you—

Mrs. MORAL (*ſuppreſſing her eager expectation*).

Give me!—O, dear Sir, what?

CAPTAIN.

This book. You love to read books of morality; and that contains ſomething worth your attention. 'Tis an "Eſſay on Patience."

Mrs. MORAL (*aſide*).

'Tis a trial of patience, I'm ſure, to be fobbed off with a book after all.—My dear Sir, I ſhall never forget your liberality.

CAPTAIN.

Stay till you peruſe it, before you thank me.

Mrs. MORAL.

A book, indeed! how ungenteel.

(*Puts it in her pocket.*)

Enter

R. *Enter* JACK JUNK.

JUNK.

Good morrow, Captain!

CAPTAIN.

Good day, Junk.

JUNK.

To-day is your birth-day.

CAPTAIN.

I know it.

JUNK.

I am glad of it.

CAPTAIN.

Well, I know that too.

CIRCUIT.

Your birth-day, Captain!

Mrs. MORAL.

Gracious heaven! And nobody thought of it. How ungenteel!

CAPTAIN.

Nonſenſe!

CIRCUIT.

Hem! I beg, Captain, you would accept the congratulations of an honeſt man, on the return of this day.

CAPTAIN.

Thank you—thank you.

Mrs. MORAL.

May heaven preſerve you to a good old age, and beſtow on you its richeſt bleſſings, health and proſperity.

CAPTAIN.

Belay! it is enough.

Mrs. MORAL.

But, bleſs me! why do I ſtand here, when everything ſhou'd be arranged in honor of this day? The preſent you have done me the honor to make me, Sir, is doubly valuable, on the anniverſary of your birth.—Oh! how I long to throw patience behind the fire! (*aſide.*) [*Exit.* R.

CIRCUIT.

Captain, good day:—ſhould your arbitration be unſucceſsful, I hope you will command my ſervices. In the meantime I ſee no rule to ſhew cauſe why I ſhou'dn't be your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

[*Exit.* L.

JUNK.

You broke your tobacco-box yeſterday.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Well, Junk, why do you remind me of that?—it was ſtupid enough—I had a horrid pain in my feet—the ſalt bath wou'd not help me—I took the box, threw it on the ground, and broke it into a thouſand pieces.—To be ſure that gave me no eaſe—but don't tell me of it again, Junk.

JUNK.

I meant no harm, Captain;—only I have bought a box—if it is not too ordinary, and you would accept of it from the hand of your old ſervant and brother ſeaman, I ſhou'd be vaſtly pleaſed.

CAPTAIN.

Let me ſee it?

JUNK.

To be ſure it is not gold—but it is what I cou'd beſt afford.

CAPTAIN.

Give it to me, honeſt Junk.—I thank you.

JUNK.

And will you uſe it too?

CAPTAIN.

Surely, Surely!—*(feels in his pocket.)*

JUNK.

But I hope, Captain, you won't attempt to pay for it.

CAPTAIN.

No, no—you are right.

JUNK.

Huzza! huzza!—now will I have a jolly day;—and as for Mrs. Moral, under favour, Captain, the old girl is good for nothing.

CAPTAIN.

Avaſt!—ſlacken ſail there, my lad. If I had a wife, perhaps ſhe might think—"Aye, there he "ſits with his gout, grumble, grumble, grumble—"always a plague to me, and I muſt bear with "him."—Now, I like Mrs. Moral; ſhe does everything with ſo much good will.—She's fond of reading good books too.—I have juſt given her one—in which I have incloſed a bank note:—when ſhe opens the book, ſhe'll think of me, and find I have not forgot her kindneſs.

JUNK.

You are too good to her:—ſhe carries all fair to your face—but when your back's turn'd, ſhe's for ſtowing the gout in your honor's ſtomach, and ſending you in a gale to old Davy.

CAPTAIN.

Silence, I ſay—'tis no ſuch thing.

JUNK.

I told her ſo, ſhiver me if I didn't. But ſhe ſaid, "Death had laid down your hull, and that "your honor would be launch'd at the fall of the "leaf:"

" leaf:"—and then the ſtories ſhe has told you of your ſon Harry——

CAPTAIN.

Hold your tongue, Junk—You are a libellous raſcal. You, and your box too, may go to the devil. —*(throws the box away—a pauſe.)*

JUNK *(looking ſometimes at the box, ſometimes on his maſter with much feeling).*

I a libellous raſcal?

CAPTAIN.

Yes.

JUNK.

You won't have the box?

CAPTAIN.

Not I—I will take nothing from a man who thinks himſelf the only good one. (JUNK *takes up the box and throws it out of the window*).—Junk, what are you about?

JUNK.

The box may go to the devil, though I don't chooſe to follow it juſt yet.

CAPTAIN.

Are you mad?

JUNK.

What ſhou'd I do with the box? You won't accept it, and I cou'dn't keep it myſelf. Whenever

ever it came in my ſight, I ſhou'd think—Thou art a miſerable wretch, Junk: a man, whom thou haſt ſerved thirty years honeſtly and faithfully has called thee—damn it! I can ſcarce ſpeak the words—"a libellous raſcal." This would draw tears from me every day; but now the box is gone, all the reſt is forgotten. *(With much feeling)*—I will think my dear maſter was ſick and in pain—and that, however harſh his words were, he never meant to hurt me.

CAPTAIN *(much moved—after a pauſe)*.

Junk, come here *(gives him his hand)*—I didn't mean to hurt you.

JUNK.

I knew that—For my part I meant honeſtly. But when I ſee you abuſed by that hypocrite, and cheated by the lawyer——

CAPTAIN.

Why, Junk, I fancy the devil's in you. What, Mr. Circuit too, my attorney, the honeſteſt man in the world! But time will ſhow—And mind, Junk, if I find you tell me a lie, I'll turn you out of the houſe the next inſtant.

JUNK.

Turn me out of my berth! I don't think, Captain, you wou'd do that.

CAPTAIN.

The devil I wou'dn't!—But I ſay, yes! I ſhall and will do it—And if you contradict me another word, I will do it this inſtant.

JUNK

JUNK *(very indifferently)*.

Well, then, old Junk will go into the hoſpital.

CAPTAIN.

In the hoſpital! What, what ſhou'd you do there?

JUNK.

Die to be ſure.

CAPTAIN.

Die in the hoſpital! Zounds! do you think I can give you no other place but the hoſpital to die in when you are turned out of my houſe?

JUNK.

Oh yes, no doubt you might; but damn me, I wou'd rather go a-begging than live upon a man who thought fit to turn me out of doors.

CAPTAIN.

This fellow's pride is enough to give me a fit of the gout. Twenty years ago, when we fell into the hands of pirates—when they took everything from me, you had concealed ſome guineas with which we got back to Old England. When a mutiny broke out in my ſhip, you diſcover'd it to me, and helped to quell it at the hazard of your life: and now, damn it! you will die in the hoſpital!

JUNK

JUNK *(moved)*.

Why, Captain!——

CAPTAIN *(with riſing enthuſiaſm)*.

And once, when we had two Frenchmen on board, and one of them had juſt hove up his arm to ſplit my ſkull, you fell upon them both, and ſaved my life; and yet *(turning at once to* JUNK, *weeps)*—I am to let you die in a hoſpital; take with me into the grave ſuch ingratitude towards you! *(weeps)* Speak inſtantly, you dog, and ſay you will die with me. Come, boy, give me your hand.—*(ſhake hands.)*

JUNK.

Ah, my good maſter! I only wiſh you to cloſe my eyes when I am dead.

CAPTAIN.

Go, go, Junk—fetch me the tobacco-box again.

JUNK.

With pleaſure, Captain.—And now if I could but ſee you and your brother reconciled——

CAPTAIN.

I doubt if that will ever be, Jack.

JUNK.

But I'm ſure your honor wiſhes it.

CAPTAIN.

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R — Mrs Moral — Book & paper
L — Emma — Bank Note in it

CAPTAIN.

Why ay, if I could but undo ſome things which have paſſed.

JUNK.

But who knows whether anything is true that has been ſaid. There are folks in the world, Captain, who would ſooner——

CAPTAIN.

Yes, yes, Junk, you may be right.

JUNK.

Dear Captain, do play the lawyer a trick: put your hand to ſincere reconciliation—meet him half way—he is ſtill your brother—you are twins—this is your birth-day. I remember the time when you celebrated it together with brotherly affection.

CAPTAIN.

Yes, yes, thoſe were better times indeed,

JUNK.

Your mother was always glad on that day.

CAPTAIN.

Ay, ſo ſhe was—ſhe was, Junk.

JUNK.

On that day ſhe always took you both in her arms, and requeſted you to love each other like brothers.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

She did ſo—Oh! I remember it well.

JUNK.

In the laſt year of her life, ſhe ſaid—"When I "am dead, always remember that day—nothing "muſt diſturb your mutual harmony."—And if your brother was to come now, with a friendly ſmile——

CAPTAIN.

Come! What, come here?

JUNK.

Yes; and if he ſtretched out his arms——

CAPTAIN (*with anxiety*).

What, ſtretch out his arms! (*He ſtretches out his arms involuntarily, and draws them back.*)

JUNK.

And ſhou'd he ſay, "Brother Lewis, our mother "ſees us!"

CAPTAIN.

Should he ſay that—(*agitated*).

JUNK.

And if he flew into your arms——

CAPTAIN (*ſtretching out his arms*).

O brother! brother! (*falls on* JUNK's *arm*). That wou'd, indeed, be too much! Junk, you have made a lubber of me.

JUNK.

JUNK.

And no disgrace, I hope, Captain. A seaman never need blush at the tear of sorrow he sheds for a fallen enemy, or the tear of joy at making peace with him.

[*Exeunt.* R.

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THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of* BERTRAM's *House.*

HARRY *enters, reading a Letter.*

HARRY.

" Your honor,

" When the commanding officer is disabled, " it is the duty of every seaman to keep a " good look out a-head.—And if so be, as you " know, that the Captain's timbers are ready to " start, why it might become you more to take the " helm at home, than to be sculking within sight " of a ship in distress, without heaving to, as in " duty bound. Seeing your father's gout will " soon get possession of his upper works, and " give him sailing orders for old Davy, why, if you " wasn't my young master, I should like to put " you in mind of your duty with a good round " dozen; being all at present from

" JOHN JUNK, + his mark."

" *P. S.* Not being able to write myself, this letter " was wrote by me, his honor's coachman; and " Sukey chambermaid says the spelling is pretty

" tightiſh—who am your honor's humble ſervant " to command."

(*As he is reading* JACK *enters behind.*)

So, ſo—honeſt Jack has diſcovered me,—and, it ſeems, joins in the general prejudice.

JUNK.

Avaſt there!—give Junk your fiſt.—I know all your plots and plans—to-day muſt finiſh them—knock up old mother Moral, and reconcile your father to your uncle.

HARRY.

My dear Jack, forward my intentions, and I'll be for ever obliged to you.

JUNK.

Then tell your uncle the garden is his—invite him to paſs the afternoon in it, and leave the reſt to me.

HARRY.

This muſt haſten my intentions.—Retire, Jack; my uncle, as well as my father, is ſo warm in his reſentment, that if he diſcovered me, by ſeeing you before we effect the reconciliation——

JUNK.

It might never happen at all—ſo I'll go, and keep a good look out at the caſtle. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter BERTRAM *and* EMMA *from the Houſe.*

BERTRAM.

My dear Sir, I am glad to ſee you. You are here in time to help me out of a ſtrange perplexity.—Wou'd you think it, I hold in my hand two bills which have both been paid this morning without coſting me a penny.

HARRY.

Pray, how may that be?

BERTRAM.

By ſome unknown benefactor.—Cannot you aſſiſt me in gueſſing?

HARRY.

I ſhou'd think there is but one man likely to do ſuch an action.

BERTRAM.

Ah! who is that?

HARRY.

Your brother!

BERTRAM.

What, my brother pay bills, who for fifteen years has put me to ſuch expence, and made ſuch bitter allegations againſt me in the courts of juſtice!

HARRY.

Thoſe allegations were drawn by his attorney:—but your bills he has paid himſelf.

BERTRAM.

Do you really think ſo?

HARRY.

I have every reaſon at leaſt to believe ſo.—He inquired reſpecting your concerns.

BERTRAM.

Alas! you make my heart ache.

HARRY.

Should a brother's love, my dear Sir, make your heart ache?

BERTRAM.

Benefactions from the hand of an enemy—

HARRY.

Are the firſt ſteps into the field of friendſhip.

EMMA *(with a ſigh)*.

O that I were only permitted to love my uncle!

HARRY.

I hope, Miſs Emma, you will ſoon be allowed to do ſo. Dear Mr. Bertram, I am, at length, the herald of peace. The lawſuit is at an end.

BERTRAM.

To-day only I regret that poverty which prevents my rewarding this worthy benefactor.

HARRY.

Poverty! Can you be poor while in poſſeſſion of ſuch a daughter?

BERTRAM.

And what more can ſhe do than mingle tears of gratitude with mine?

HARRY.

Perhaps ſhe *could* do ſomething more!

BERTRAM.

How?—Mr. Danvers!

HARRY.

Wou'd you think the worſe of me, if I were intereſted in all that I have done?

BERTRAM.

I do not comprehend you.

HARRY.

Do *you* not comprehend me, Emma? You bluſh!

EMMA.

I feel my cheeks burn; but I know not why.

HARRY.

Did not you tell me this morning you cou'd love the man who would make your father's age free from care?

EMMA.

EMMA.

I did ſo, indeed, Mr. Danvers.

HARRY.

And that you wou'd give him your heart and hand!—*(pauſe:* EMMA *looks down.)*—Did not you ſay that too?

EMMA.

I remember I did.

HARRY.

And will you ſhrink from your word?

EMMA.

No.

HARRY.

What, not if I were the man? *(pauſe.)* Look at me, Miſs Emma?

EMMA.

I cannot.

HARRY.

He can never be deceived in his choice of female excellence, who for ſeven months has obſerved a daughter at the bedſide of her ſick father. Your heart and hand is a greater treaſure than monarchs could beſtow; for theſe I ſolicit, not as a reward, but as an encouragement of my wiſhes to do well.

EMMA (*overpowered flies into her father's arms*).

My father!

BERTRAM.

Emma, my child, you have a father's bleſſing: Take him.—With that embrace you have relieved me from years of ſorrow. I ſhall leave no orphan unprotected in the world. The fortune of my child is truth and virtue; and theſe are now in the hands of a good man.

HARRY.

In your increaſed circle of domeſtic joys, your heart will play with greater freedom. Only one is now wanting to complete our felicity—your brother.

BERTRAM.

He will not make the firſt ſtep, and I cannot.

HARRY.

Why not?

BERTRAM.

Becauſe my brother is rich.

HARRY.

I honor that ſentiment. You ſhall not make the firſt ſtep.—But allow me to requeſt that Miſs Emma will go to her uncle, and congratulate him on his birth-day.

EMMA.

With all my heart.

BERTRAM.

Conſider, how deeply hurt we ſhall all be, ſhould ſhe return without obtaining her wiſh.

HARRY.

There is no fear—I know your brother, and I know my Emma.

BERTRAM.

Well, I leave the event to Providence.

HARRY.

And after that we will ſpend a happy evening. We will meet in your garden.

BERTRAM.

In my garden?

HARRY.

You muſt ſee how the garden looks which has diſunited the hearts of two brothers for fifteen years: we and a couple more ſincere friends—only a few of us; but in every breaſt a heart. I have arranged my plan, and you muſtn't diſappoint me.

BERTRAM.

Well, well!—my old nurſe Ann ſhall this inſtant bruſh my brown coat. Why, Ann! fye! fye upon it! that we have never thought of her.

[*Exit into houſe.*

HARRY.

Go then, my Emma; and may the angel of peace aid the perſuaſions of your tongue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room at* Captain BERTRAM's.

R. Enter Mrs. MORAL (*with papers*).

Mrs. MORAL.

Nine hundred and fifty pounds! Come, that's very genteel; and then in the will—let me ſee——

L. D. Enter EMMA, *anxiouſly looking round.*

EMMA.

I think the whole houſe is empty.

Mrs. MORAL (*not ſeeing her*).

Ay, ay; no fear of the will, unleſs that Miſs Emma ſhou'd unluckily make her appearance; and——Eh! why bleſs me! (*ſeeing* EMMA, *and putting up her pocket-book, &c. haſtily*)—How ungenteel to interrupt people in this manner!

EMMA.

Your ſervant, Madam.

Mrs. MORAL.

Your ſervant, Miſs.—Pray who are you, child, and what do you want?

EMMA.

I wiſh to ſee ~~the~~ Captain *Bertram*.

Mrs.

Mrs. MORAL.

And what buſineſs can you have with the Captain?

EMMA.

I come to congratulate him on his Birth-day.

Mrs. MORAL.

O, vaſtly fine! poor people might have a dozen birth-days in a year, and nobody would congratulate them. And pray now, young woman, what have you to do with the Captain's Birth-day?

EMMA.

That, Madam, I wiſh to tell him myſelf.

Mrs. MORAL.

Ay, ay, no doubt to tell him yourſelf. Yes, if you could but ſee him. But, child, I wou'd have you to know I am miſtreſs in this houſe—and ſo, any ſecrets you have muſt be firſt told to me.

EMMA.

I didn't know my uncle was married.

Mrs. MORAL.

Your uncle? Why, I cannot ſuppoſe! Yes, yes, the face is nearly—What, you are one of Captain Bertram's poor relations I ſuppoſe?

EMMA.

I am one of his relations, Madam.

Mrs. MORAL *(looks at her contemptuously).*

Why, I think, young woman, you have ſome diſtant reſemblance of your mother.

EMMA.

Did you know my late dear mother?

Mrs. MORAL.

By ſight, child—But, good heaven, what do you do here? Don't you know that the Captain won't ſee nor hear anything of any part of the family?

EMMA.

That was formerly; but now the law-ſuit is ended.

Mrs. MORAL.

What, is it finiſhed?—And have they at laſt cheated my poor maſter?

EMMA.

We are all rejoiced that it is at an end.

Mrs. MORAL.

O, I have not the leaſt doubt of it: and now you think to build your neſt here.

EMMA.

No, Madam, we think no ſuch thing, I aſſure you: we only think that it is both handſome and honorable that two brothers ſhould love each other.

Mrs.

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L— Jack Junk.

Mrs. MORAL.

I ſuppoſe your father taught you that fine ſentence. I dare ſay you have all your leſſons by heart—And you are come with your ſmooth ſpeeches to ſoften the Captain: but go back in the name of heaven—The Captain is ill—he is aſleep—he has forbidden all viſitors; and particularly thoſe from your father's houſe.

EMMA.

May I not ſee him then?

Mrs. MORAL.

Lord, child, it would be of no uſe—you would only ſee an ill-natured old grumbler.

EMMA.

But may I come again in the evening?

Mrs. MORAL.

No to be ſure—I dare not even ſay you have been here—He'd be ſo angry, it wou'd bring on a fit of the gout immediately.

EMMA.

My poor father will be very ſorry to hear this of his brother.

Mrs. MORAL.

He muſt ſupport it with Chriſtian fortitude. I dare ſay he has bowed and cringed enough to procure a reconciliation: but you can have no idea, child, what ſort of a man the Captain is—he does nothing but ſwear and thunder all day—and for nothing

nothing—I have plague enough with him, I am ſure.—Go, get you gone, young woman, I adviſe you for your good; for, if he's once in a paſſion, he is the moſt ungenteel being upon earth.

EMMA.

And yet my father always ſays, he has a good and honeſt heart.

Mrs. MORAL.

Yes, yes, he may have an honeſt heart, but it is a grumbling one. Tell your father, child, that I, Mrs. Moral, have for fifteen years tried all in my power to bring about a reconciliation between him and my maſter; but my endeavours have been entirely fruitleſs.

EMMA.

My poor father!

Mrs. MORAL.

Poor—Yes, I hear he is poor—Good heaven, everybody cannot be rich: but I really feel compaſſion for both you and your father. I am much affected—And to alleviate your diſtreſs, I'll—yes, I will—a generous action never goes unrewarded, ſo I'll inſtantly——

EMMA (*with expreſſion of hope*).

What, my dear Madam!

Mrs. MORAL.

Give you this little book—It's an Eſſay on Patience—it will teach your father reſignation, and you morality. Nay, you need not look ſo ſcornful at it; it was the Captain's own book, I aſſure you.

EMMA.

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Lieut. — Captain — Prize

EMMA (*takes the book*).

Was it my uncle's? Then will I give it to my father. Alas, how cruel the tidings which muſt accompany it! [*Exit.*

Mrs. MORAL.

Aye, good bye to you, Child!—I'm glad ſhe's gone. It wou'd be a pretty thing, indeed, to let people get in here, whom I have been employed in keeping out for theſe fifteen years.

Enter JUNK, *bringing back* EMMA.

JUNK.

What! the Captain's niece, and not ſee him! —Who's officer of the watch here, I wonder?— When ſuch a neat rigg'd veſſel brings a flag of truce, who ſhall lay an embargo?

EMMA.

Wou'd to heav'n I cou'd bring peace!

JUNK.

And who has forbidden you?

Mrs. MORAL.

I have forbidden her.

JUNK.

And by whoſe orders?

Mrs. MORAL.

I warrant, Mr. Boatſwain, I know my buſineſs without orders from you. Let the young woman go her ways.—My maſter is aſleep.

JUNK.

JUNK.

The Captain asleep!—Whew! Why I left him but this moment, to fetch something for him to read. Miss, if you will but stop a moment, I'll pilot you to the Captain in the turn of a handspike.

EMMA.

I'll wait with pleasure.

Mrs. MORAL *(places herself at the door).*

I say, she shall not enter these doors, Mr. John.

JUNK.

And I say, make a clear ship, or I shall fall foul of your morality. And let me tell you, messmate, that whoever wou'd stand in the way of a treaty of peace, deserves to have no share in the blessings it produces.—Follow me, Miss. [*Exit. R. D*

Mrs. MORAL.

Well, Miss, I congratulate you—I hope you are perfect in your part.——Turn me from the door indeed! And for what? for at best but an honest beggar.—It's very ungenteel indeed! [*Exit. L. D.*

EMMA.

How cruel is this woman!—Shou'd my uncle be so harsh as she represents—but, perhaps, it was only to frighten me.—Yet, if he shou'd be so, I make the sacrifice for a father.—Be courageous, Emma! the most wretched quarter of an hour is over in fifteen minutes, and ~~the~~ fraternal enmity has lasted fifteen years. [*Exit at the door. R. D*

*Jack turns M^r M- round from the door

SCENE III.—*The* CAPTAIN's *Apartment. The* CAPTAIN *in his arm-chair,* JUNK *by his ſide,* C. D. EMMA *is ſeen juſt entering at the door in the flat behind the* CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

My niece! and what does ſhe want with me?

JUNK.

I don't know; but ſhe looks ſo ſweetly, that I'll lay a wager ſhe comes to bring you ſome good news.

CAPTAIN (*after a pauſe*).

Well, where is ſhe?

JUNK.

There ſhe ſtands behind your chair.

CAPTAIN.

And how am I to get at her with my gouty legs?

JUNK.

Come nearer, my dear Miſs.

(EMMA *ſtops and heſitates.*)

CAPTAIN (*liſtening*).

I don't hear anybody ſtir.

JUNK.

She trembles ſo ſhe can ſcarcely walk.

CAPTAIN.

Tremble! What the deuce does ſhe tremble for?

JUNK.

JUNK.

She weeps.

CAPTAIN.

The devil! What does she weep for?

EMMA (*coming forward*).

I come, dear uncle, to congratulate you.

CAPTAIN (*rather quick*).

To congratulate me—on what?

EMMA.

On your Birth-day.

CAPTAIN.

Oh! I'm much obliged to you. I suppose you have only just learn'd to walk, since you come to-day for the first time.

EMMA.

Ever since I have been able to think and to feel, my heart has drawn me towards you.

CAPTAIN.

So! so!—How old may you be?

EMMA.

Seventeen, Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Yes, yes, it is about fifteen years since I came home. I remember you were then a little thing, not as high as my knee.

EMMA.

EMMA.

And then my good uncle took me up in his arms, and kiſſed his little darling, as he uſed to call her. So my nurſe has often told me.

CAPTAIN.

Ay, your good uncle was then a good fool.

EMMA.

I loſt my dear mother too ſoon.

CAPTAIN.

Your mother! ay, ſhe was a good woman indeed! Yes, very good!

EMMA.

Had ſhe been living, many things wou'd not have happened.

CAPTAIN.

That is very likely:—ſhe prevented your father from doing many fooliſh things.

EMMA.

Dear Sir, my father may be in the wrong. Malicious people may have led him aſtray—but his affection for his brother they cou'd never eraſe from his heart.

CAPTAIN.

He has given me a great many proofs of his affection for the laſt fifteen years.

EMMA.

All *that* is paſſed! Friendly deciſion has thrown a veil over what has happened.—"Go to my bro-

" ther," said my father, " be thou the herald of " peace.—He will not turn thee away.—Thou art " innocent:—he loved you when you were a little " child:—he loved your mother:—for her sake, " perhaps, he will reach out his hand towards you, " and you shall then press it with filial affection" (*much agitated*).

CAPTAIN (*without looking at her*).

Why, to be sure, you are not the cause of my displeasure.—You must do what your father bids you. I am not angry with you. But, now go, in the name of heaven.—What is your name?

EMMA.

Emma.

CAPTAIN.

Emma!—Yes, yes, I believe I stood godfather to you.

EMMA.

And will my godfather—will he who first introduced me into Christian society, who promised me love when I cou'd not prattle, let me go without one friendly look?

CAPTAIN (*turns his face quick towards her without resting his eyes upon her*).

There! there then! Now get you gone—You shall be remembered in my will (*a pause*).

EMMA.

Oh, that is very hard!

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Very hard! What do you mean by hard?

EMMA.

My deareſt uncle, I wiſh to ſtand in your heart, not in your will.

CAPTAIN.

Why, aye, that's very well ſaid to be ſure. But I muſt remember you in my will, becauſe I am your godfather, and becauſe you have given yourſelf the trouble to come here.

EMMA.

Trouble!

CAPTAIN.

Here, take this little preſent (*gives her a purſe without looking at her*).

EMMA (*taking his hand with emotion, the purſe falls on the floor*).

I ſee only the hand you offer me, not the preſent. This hand I will keep—mingle tears with your preſent, and beſeech you to take it back.

CAPTAIN.

Why, girl, you are proud!

EMMA.

I will be proud if you give me your love. Here kneels the proud one by your ſide, and begs for a ſingle look. My dear mother could leave me no-

thing but her features—these features might remind you of the friend of your youth, who is now no more—They will soften your heart, and give me another father.

CAPTAIN.

Junk, she has every line of her mother's face, has not she? O the deuce, Junk, I can't stand this!—Take her away.

JUNK (*crying*).

If I do I'll be damn'd.

CAPTAIN.

What does the fellow cry for? Junk, I tell you take her from me.

(JUNK *takes up* EMMA *and places her in the* CAPTAIN'*s arms.*)

EMMA.

My good—my dearest uncle!

CAPTAIN.

Stop—Stop!—This is running foul of a man by night, and in a fog.

EMMA.

I see a tear in your eye that is worth more than all the guineas you offered me.

CAPTAIN.

Well, well, I own myself overpowered.—Go to your mother's grave, and thank her for this.

After

A He goes round to L. H

After you were chriſtened, I ſtood by her bed-ſide, and gave her my hand. She took mine with both hers, and looked—juſt as you do now.—"My "dear brother," ſaid ſhe, "this child I commit "to your kindneſs.—When I am dead—"(*pauſes, much affected*). Poor ſoul! In four weeks after ſhe died. Come, my child—come to my heart.

(EMMA *ſinks on his boſom.—A pauſe.*)

CAPTAIN.

Only look, Jack, this cunning gypſey has ſoftened my heart, and made me cry like a woman. Emma! you huſſey, get out of my ſight (*embracing her cloſely*).

EMMA.

Ah! now I know my uncle's heart, every fear is vaniſhed.

CAPTAIN.

What, you were afraid of me? Perhaps people told you I was a great ſea-bear.

EMMA.

The lady here in the houſe quite frightened me.

CAPTAIN.

Lady? What lady?

JUNK.

O! who but the ſweet Mrs. Moral, Captain?

CAPTAIN.

Ay, ay, Mrs. Moral's name is like water to the mill of your clack!

JUNK.

Why, then, the devil may hold his tongue. When I came in, I found this dear, lovely girl juſt going away with a tear in her eye:—the drop was but ſmall—but I wou'dn't have it upon my conſcience;—ſo, I aſked Miſs her buſineſs here.—Ah! ſaid ſhe, I dare not ſee my uncle.—Why not? ſaid I. Every one dare go to him, particularly with a tear in their eye.—But Mrs. Moral truly poſted herſelf before the door: and ſetting her fat arms a-kimbo, pretended to prevent my entering—*Me, Jack Junk*, that have ſerved my good maſter theſe thirty years, ſhe had the impudence to tell me I ſhould not go, for my maſter was aſleep.—I believe, however, I gave her ſuch a ſhove, as we are apt to do to any lazy land-lubber that ſtands in the way aboard ſhip in a ſtorm.

CAPTAIN.

But look ye, Junk—you are apt to take things the wrong way—perhaps ſhe thought I *was* aſleep: ſhe meant well no doubt.

JUNK.

Well, Captain—Miſs Emma will beſt be able to tell us how ſhe was received.

EMMA.

I am ſo glad, now, that I have forgot all.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Forgot!—Why, then there was ſomething to forget.—Come, let us hear!

EMMA.

One thing only hurt me much—ſhe ſaid I came a begging.

CAPTAIN.

Stop—ſtop!—that was not good.

JUNK.

Good! Captain—I ſay it was damn'd bad.

CAPTAIN.

Bad!—you are right—it was bad:—that muſt have eſcaped her in a hurry.

EMMA.

Beſides, ſhe gave me a preſent for my father—a book which was once yours—I now value it more than ever.

CAPTAIN.

A what?—a book?

EMMA.

This, my dear uncle—(*ſhews it him*).

CAPTAIN.

Why, Jack, only look.—Let's ſee—it's the ſame—and, egad, the ſame bank note for five hundred pounds doubled down between the leaves.

EMMA.

How unjuſt have I been to her!—was this her preſent?

CAPTAIN.

Ay, what ſay you now, John, to Mrs. Moral?

JUNK.

Say!—Why, that ſhe was guilty of a good action without knowing it;—five hundred pounds!—why, an Engliſh ſhip of fifty guns wou'd as ſoon ſtrike to a French ~~frigate~~ of ~~fifteen~~. 40

CAPTAIN.

No matter; do you keep it, Emma; if ſhe meant it for you I'll double the ſum to her, and if ſhe did *not*, ſhe deſerves to loſe it for her hypocriſy.

JUNK.

But come! there ſhou'd be no clouds to ſpoil a day in which two brothers hoiſt the flag of friendſhip.

CAPTAIN.

Nay, nay, Junk, belay there.—The girl has never injured me—She is my godchild, and her mother's virtues are reflected in her face. As to my brother, he may walk the ſtreets, but we muſt not meet.

JUNK.

Dear Captain, in the end of our voyage, where all ſtreets join, we muſt meet.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

And then let him whoſe conſcience reproaches him caſt his eyes to the ground, I ſay!

EMMA.

Deareſt uncle, you muſt be my father's friend.

CAPTAIN.

No—no ſuch thing! Only ſee, Junk, I have hardly given the girl a little corner in my heart, but ſhe wants to order about as if the whole belonged to her.

JUNK.

But only think, Captain, how different this houſe wou'd look—You need not then ſmoke your evening pipe alone—You wou'd talk over your ſchool tricks, and the pleaſures of your youth, with your brother, who would ſit by your ſide, and the great cat wou'd be turned off the ſopha.

CAPTAIN.

I won't hear anything ſaid againſt my cat—She never brought an action againſt me.

EMMA.

Well, I muſt go to my father, he expects me; but may I come again, my dear uncle?

CAPTAIN.

Come again—There's a ſtupid queſtion. You may come again—you muſt come again! do you hear?—(*very tenderly.*)

EMMA.

With pleaſure.

CAPTAIN.

Well, now, and when will you return?

EMMA.

To-morrow—every day.

CAPTAIN.

Well, then, go, and when you return, do you hear, leave your pride at home—Do you underſtand?—there lies ſomething on the floor—I ſuppoſe you won't ſtoop to take it up.

EMMA.

Does diſintereſted love look ſo much like pride?

CAPTAIN.

Yes, yes—you'll not take it up, becauſe you know it wou'd give your good uncle pleaſure.

EMMA *(takes up the purſe)*.

I thank you, dear uncle. I will lay it out in a preſent for my father—You will permit me to do that, won't you?

CAPTAIN.

O, do what you like with your own money.

EMMA.

But ſurely one kind word from you wou'd do him more good than any other preſent.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Well, zounds! ſpeak as many kind words as you like to him—(*quick, but good-natured*).

EMMA (*kiſſes him affectionately*).

Dear uncle! [*Exit.*

JUNK.

Well, Captain, what do you think of your niece?

CAPTAIN.

Why, I think the little witch knows how to cure my gout better than the Doctor. As long as ſhe was preſent, my rebellious legs and feet were quiet; but now they begin to plague me again—gnaw, gnaw—pull, pull, pull.

JUNK.

What a wife ſhe wou'd make for your ſon Harry, Captain; but you wou'dn't let him have her.

CAPTAIN.

Yes, yes, but I wou'd—But her father will never reſign her. What can I do?

JUNK.

I think you had better take both of them.

CAPTAIN.

Both of them! Stop, ſtop, Jack, that will never ſuit me.

JUNK.

JUNK.

Your lawyer has been to tell you the award is made.

CAPTAIN.

Is it? Thank heaven a thouſand times!—I don't care in whoſe favour the award is; it is all the ſame to me.

JUNK.

The garden is yours for life.

CAPTAIN.

I give it to my niece, now, this inſtant. Zounds! why did not the ſweet wench come ſooner?

JUNK.

You have been agitated to-day. Suppoſe you enjoy the open air this afternoon.

CAPTAIN.

That I will moſt willingly—An old ſeaman is fond of a breeze.

JUNK.

'Tis a delightful evening. Suppoſe, Captain, you paſs it for the firſt time in your garden. I have already been to ſee it.

CAPTAIN.

My garden! I ſhall feel ſtrangely at the ſight of that ſame garden—Does the old door remain ſtill? When I was a boy, ten years old, I cut a ſhip upon it with my pen-knife.

JUNK.

JUNK.

The ſhip is viſible yet, I aſſure you.

CAPTAIN.

Is it indeed? That's curious! Since then many of my old friends have died. Yes, yes, we will go there—And, d'ye hear? bid that baggage Emma attend me there. Send directly.

JUNK.

And her father——

CAPTAIN.

No, not a word on that ſubject, or I'll keel-haul you, you dog. (JUNK *is going.*) But ſtav, Jack, you forget my gout. (JUNK *returns to aſſiſt him.*) —Thank ye! thank ye! So, the old ſhip remains where I left it. Well, well; if ſhe had weathered as many tight gales as I have, 'tis a queſtion if the hand of time wou'd have left her legible.

[*Exeunt.* R.

THE END OF THE ~~FIRST~~ ACT.

ACT III.

Great Chair - Table - Chair

1

SCENE I.—*An apartment at the* CAPTAIN'S.—*Two doors in the flat, near it an arm-chair with caſtors, in which the* CAPTAIN *is diſcovered.*

CAPTAIN.

Now, if my boy was but good enough to become a match for his couſin Emma, what a harbour of content ſhou'd I ſail into in my old age. But it won't do—The man who is diſobedient to the orders of his commander, ſhould never be truſted with a command himſelf. Why, where's this Junk? Why, Jack, I ſay——

Enter JUNK.

Order the carriage, that we may go to my garden.

JUNK.

But, before you go, as you value your old ſervant John, do grant him one favour.

CAPTAIN.

Well, make haſte—What is it?

JUNK.

Juſt permit me to lock you into that cloſet.

CAPTAIN.

In Closet L.H. — Bottle of Wine - 2 Glasses
Strong-box - 2 money bags

1
Dive Captain

L.D. — Jack Tank — a Key
Mr Morgal
[illegible]

CAPTAIN.

Lock me up!

JUNK.

You ſhall lock yourſelf up, only permit me to wheel you in—Nay, it's a ſatisfaction you owe me. You ſaid, to-day, I was a libellous raſcal. You have now an opportunity of doing yourſelf and me juſtice—And though you are my commanding officer, yet, you have alſo a commander.

CAPTAIN.

I! who?

JUNK.

Honor! who will not permit you, whilſt you fight under his flag, to refuſe an honeſt man a hearing.

CAPTAIN.

Well, but Jack, this is the firſt time I ever heard that locking a Captain in a cupboard was the way to give anybody a hearing.

JUNK.

In ſhort, Sir, the lawyer and his agent, that ſhe-devil of a houſe-keeper, are coming here to balance accounts. You will have an opportunity of hearing all their curſed contrivances againſt your ſon, yourſelf, your brother, and your niece.

CAPTAIN.

I tell you, I don't like to take anybody by ſurprize.—I like to———

JUNK.

JUNK.

Sir, she is coming, and here's the key.—Now, pray, my dear master, if you have any regard for everybody belonging to you—(*puts the* CAPTAIN *into the closet, entreating all the time; the* CAPTAIN *making a feeble resistance: at length he shuts him in*).—So, the ship's cleared, and here comes the enemy.

Enter Mrs. MORAL.

JUNK.

Ah, Mrs. Moral, I come to make friends with you. Messmates shou'dn't disagree; and if I was on the wrong look-out, and happened to be deceived in your bearings, why, I ax pardon, and there's no harm done, you know.

Mrs. MORAL.

Bearings indeed! I'm sure there's no bearing your ungentility.

JUNK.

Why, as to ungentility, that's neither here nor there.—And if some folks hav'n't so much gentility and morality as others, why, what's the odds,—we be'nt all born to be boatswains you know.—So, let's shake hands. I like you for your care of the Captain, and the Captain has given you good proof that he likes you too.

Mrs. MORAL.

Proofs! What, in grumbling and swearing?

JUNK.

2.

L—circuit

JUNK.

No; in hard caſh, or ſoft paper—It's all one, you know.

Mrs. MORAL.

Me! Pay more regard to truth.—Your immorality aſtoniſhes me!

JUNK.

What then, mayhap the Captain didn't give you five hundred pounds this very day!

Mrs. MORAL.

Five hundred pounds! The Captain give me five hundred pounds!

JUNK.

I ſay the Captain gave five hundred pounds, which you now have about you without knowing it. He gave you a book, that book contained a folded leaf, which leaf contained——

Mrs. MORAL.

What!

JUNK.

Five hundred pounds.

Mrs. MORAL.

Impoſſible! It can't be—I'll aſk the Captain myſelf.

JUNK.

You needn't go to the Captain—Aſk the book.

Mrs.

Mrs. MORAL.

Tormenter, I have given it away (*enraged*).

JUNK.

Given it away!

Mrs. MORAL.

To think that whining girl ſhou'd—— X R.

JUNK.

What, Miſs Emma? O! you good creature! if you have given it to her, I will have a kiſs.

Mrs. MORAL.

Stand off, wretch!—To be ſo cheated!

JUNK.

Patience!

Mrs. MORAL.

Patience! I have given it away. Had I known the value of it, I'd ſooner have—Oh, I ſhall never have patience again as long as I live (*enraged*).

L D *Enter* CIRCUIT.

Mr. Junk, this apartment is one of mine. I have ſome buſineſs with my worthy friend Mr. Circuit, and I beg you'll quit it directly.

JUNK.

What, you wou'dn't like a third perſon, mayhap?

Mrs. MORAL.

Immoral wretch! There is one out of ſight who hears all, and will teſtify the purity of our intentions.

JUNK.

You are right—There is one out of ſight who hears all: if you ſteer by your proper bearings, he will reward you; but if you come here to plot againſt my poor maſter, or his ſon, or his niece, he'll be ſure to find out all your tricks, and bring you to the gangway at laſt—So, keep a good look-out, and thank Jack Junk for his advice, that's all.

[*Exit.* L.

Mrs. MORAL.

Impudent ſea-bear! But I'll ſee that he is out of ſight, and out of hearing too (*looks after him*).—Ah! there he goes, grumbling and grunting like a beaſt as he is.

CIRCUIT.

But, my dear Mrs. Moral, ſuppoſe there ſhou'd be any one to over-hear.

Mrs. MORAL.

There is no entrance to the room but this, which we'll lock, and keep away from as far as poſſible. Sit down, my dear Mr. Circuit; and while we compare notes, oblige me by participating in a glaſs of delightful cordial from the Captain's beſt liquor-cheſt.—(*Unlocks a ſmall cloſet, and produces wines and refreſhments.*) L. H

CIRCUIT.

CIRCUIT.

You alſo have your ſtrong box there, Mrs. Moral.

MRS. MORAL.

All for you, Mr. Circuit: pray uſe no ceremony. How diſcouraging to find our plans ſucceed ſo ill. The law-ſuit is certainly over.

CIRCUIT.

The paltry garden I wou'dn't mind; but the whole family will be reconciled, and the Captain perſuaded to alter his will.

MRS. MORAL.

What's to be done, my dear Sir?

CIRCUIT.

Everything to prevent viſits from the other party—As for that Miſs Emma——

MRS. MORAL.

But ſhe has ſeen the Captain; nay, perhaps, is with him now.

CIRCUIT.

Who! Miſs Bertram!

MRS. MORAL.

She; that huſſey who has robbed me of all patience. She wiſhed *(mimicking)* to congratulate her dear uncle on his Birth-day.

CIRCUIT.

And you left them together?

Mrs.

3

Clerel-B — Capotain
L.D Jack Frank.

Mrs. MORAL.

Was it not to meet my dear Mr. Circuit?

CIRCUIT.

However flattering that may be to me, 'tis a great pity, a great pity. I know the girl—ſhe has a tongue—ſuch a tongue!

Mrs. MORAL.

And do you think ſhe has a tongue to overturn the labour of ſixteen years. Why, Sir, in addition to the anger I have created in the Captain againſt his ſon, by intercepting letters, and giving it the appearance of Harry's neglect, I can now even prove this Emma to be the cauſe of it; for he viſits her—that I have proof of, and that is more than ſufficient to ruin all my oppoſers.

CIRCUIT.

Indeed!

Mrs. MORAL.

Beſides, hav'n't I been for years a ſlave to him? Hav'n't I watched his gout with patience, in hopes, every day, it wou'd pay me for my trouble, by ſending him to a better world—hav'n't I

(CAPTAIN *gives an impatient exclamation in the Cloſet*).

CIRCUIT.

Eh! what's that?

Mrs. MORAL.

That!—nothing. Have we not locked the door? And look, Sir, in caſe of the worſt, here is my

darling, my favourite, my cheſt, the contents of which will always provide againſt calamity. That bag is full of ſilver, and this of gold *(puts two upon the table)*.—A'n't they charming creatures?

CIRCUIT.

Charming indeed! One is quite overpowered with ſympathetic affection.

Mrs. MORAL.

All this is deſtined for our intended marriage. You muſt inſert in the will a ſmall proviſion for the ſon and niece, to give us an appearance of diſintereſtedneſs. To-morrow I'll get Junk out of the way, and with tears, inſinuations, and entreaties, perſuade the Captain to ſend for you; and if all ſucceeds, he may bid us good night as ſoon as he pleaſes.

CAPTAIN *(vociferates in the Cloſet)*.

Thunder and lightning!

Mrs. MORAL.

O, undone! ruined! it was the Captain's voice.

(JUNK *knocking at the chamber door.*)

CIRCUIT.

He's at the door!—He muſtn't find me here.—

~~*(Runs to it, the doors fly open, and diſcover the* CAPTAIN.)~~

Mrs. MORAL.

O, I faint! my dear friend, ſupport me *(pretends to faint.)*

CIRCUIT.

CIRCUIT.

I cannot support a wife without a legacy. I had better remove this action out of court.—*(Takes a bag from the table, ~~unlocks the door, and is immediately seized by~~ JACK, ~~who enters.~~)*

CAPTAIN. finishes out of Flourt

At length I have breath. Here's a crew of pirates for you.

CIRCUIT.

~~Gentlemen,~~ I take my leave.

L. H. Enter JUNK.

Yes; but you don't take this—(*taking the bag from him*).

CIRCUIT.

What do you mean, friend? I am an honest man, that all the world knows.

CAPTAIN.

You're a rascal, Sir, that's what I know. Get out of my house, and thank my gouty foot that I do not avenge the deceived world on a scoundrel.

JUNK (*clenching his fist*).

Captain, shall I ——

CAPTAIN.

No; let him sheer off—and if ever his conscience calls him to a court martial, we needn't doubt his punishment.

CIRCUIT.

Conscience! Sir, I'm a lawyer, and deny the authority of that court. Besides, I cou'd relate the whole of this affair to your disadvantage; for,

as I am known to be an honeſt man, my word wou'd firſt be taken. But I will act liberally, and not mention a ſyllable. [*Exit.*

CAPTAIN.

So, ſo, he's right.—Impudence is the beſt weapon in the hands of a rogue againſt an honeſt man.

JUNK.

And what muſt we do with the old puſs, here?

CAPTAIN.

When I am gone, let her go a-drift. Don't ſuffer her to heave in ſight again.

JUNK.

That's a commiſſion I have long'd for theſe ſixteen years.

CAPTAIN.

Help me into my coach, and her out of my houſe, then make your report to us in the garden. —(JUNK *helps him to the door, he ſtops and looks back at* Mrs. MORAL.)—'Tis ſtrange! But wou'd you think it? I'm ſorry to diſcharge that woman. Habit reconciles us to everything, and I do think that to get fond of ~~the devil~~ Beelzebub himſelf, one need only for a length of time be in the ſame meſs with him.

[JUNK *leads him off.*

Mrs. MORAL (*immediately looks up*).

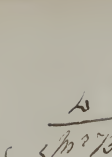
So, ſo! ſo, ſo!—All that my honeſt induſtry has acquired will be at the mercy of that brute.—Here he is again—(*pretends to faint again*).

Re-enter JUNK.

JUNK.

What, not recovered!—Oh, we'll ſoon rouſe her! This money I ſhall take away.

Mrs.


Mrs Bertram
Ann
Captain Bertram
William

Mrs. MORAL *(ſtarting up)*.

Where am I?

JUNK.

Where you have already been too long. So, pack up your ill-got property, and clear the decks as faſt as poſſible.

Mrs. MORAL.

You are an ungenteel brute, and I ſhall not be commanded by you.

JUNK.

But the Captain commands.—So ſecure your ill-gotten property, and call to-morrow.—I muſt go to my maſter.

Mrs. MORAL (*locks the box*).

Nay, but till to-morrow——

JUNK.

I ſay, weigh anchor, and get out of the harbour.

Mrs. MORAL.

Then, I ſay, I won't ſtir—*(ſits in the arm-chair)*.

JUNK.

No!

Mrs. MORAL.

Not a ſtep.

JUNK.

Then I muſt take the helm myſelf *(begins to wheel her off)*.—So, my dear Mrs. Moral, a pleaſant voyage;—and if anybody aſks who ſteer'd

you out of port, tell them it was your old friend Jack Junk :—who hauled down your falſe colours, and ſent you a cruiſing on your own bottom.

Mrs. MORAL *(ſpeaking at the ſame time)*.

My dear Jack, I'll ſhare my profits with you—I entreat of you—I'll do anything—I'll tear your eyes out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A garden; an Arbour on each ſide. On one ſide a Door with a Ship cut on it.*

Enter Mr. BERTRAM *and* ANN.

BERTRAM.

Every ſtep in this garden recalls the happy days of my youth to my remembrance.—For years I have hated the very thoughts of this place—and why? becauſe fraternal enmity hung over it like a cloud. At length, in the evening of my life the ſky clears, I breathe more freely, I feel my love for my brother return.

ANN.

I hear, Sir, he received Miſs Bertram very kindly. I begin to love him again myſelf, and ſtill hope to find the good-natured Lewis that I remember him when a boy.

BERTRAM.

O, he is naturally good.—Bad men eaſily do miſchiefs which the hand of love with difficulty cures. Look at this tree. Do you ſee the letters of P and I on the bark? Thirty years ago I cut them there, and the tree is yet green and beautiful.

ANN.

5.

L.2.E- Emma

R—Park Inn.

ANN.

How often have I ſat in this garden, Sir, while you and your brother Lewis played together!

BERTRAM.

Let us ſit down in this arbour, where oft I've conn'd my youthful leſſons (*they go into the arbour*). Who ſhall ſay age has no pleaſures when it can call up the ideas of paſt happineſs? Youth enjoys preſent delight much leſs than age does the memory of thoſe long paſſed.

R. (*Enter* Captain BERTRAM, *led by a ~~ſervant~~ William.*)

CAPTAIN.

Stop here (*he looks round with much emotion—after a pauſe*). Go! leave me here (*~~the ſervant~~ William heſitates*)! Go, my good fellow; but ſtay at the gate till Junk comes; I can help myſelf till then.

R. [*Exit ~~ſervant~~ William.*] I wou'd not let the man ſee my tears.—Such people are apt to laugh when they ſee an old ſeaman weep; and yet we have hearts like other folks (*leans on his crutch and looks round the garden*).

~~BERTRAM (to ANN).~~

~~My ſpirits revive, and I feel my health renewed.~~

~~CAPTAIN.~~

Ah! There's the old cheſnut-tree ſtanding yet, and full of bloom. How often have I climbed up it, with my brother. O! curſe this gout! I ſhou'd like to ſit on the top bough of that tree:—and there too—ah! there it is—the old door and the ſhip on it—Why I didn't think I could have drawn ſo well—for though it's not quite right as to the rigging,

rigging, yet there's the Britiſh enſign at the top-gallant maſt head.—Well, there's no wonder at that having remained; for where is the enemy that has ever been able to pull it down?

BERTRAM.

Don't you hear ſomebody ſpeak?

ANN (*looking out of the arbour*).

There is an old gentleman walking in the garden.

BERTRAM.

I ſuppoſe one of the gueſts whom our friend has invited.

CAPTAIN.

Was not this my mother's flower-bed?—How wild and full of weeds the place looks now!—What do I ſee?—a toad creeping—that reptile would never have been here but for the law-ſuit:—what a damn'd thing it is for two brothers to quarrel!—I'll hobble into this arbour.—Eh! who can that ſick gentleman be?—he look's ill indeed.

BERTRAM.

Why, Ann! I have ſurely ſeen that face ſomewhere.

Enter EMMA—(*runs to her father*).

For heaven's ſake, my dear Emma, tell me who that is?

EMMA.

A gentleman, Sir, who is of our party, becauſe it is his birth-day.

BERTRAM.

His birth-day (*aſtoniſhed*)!

CAPTAIN.

Emma, come hither, child!—Do you know that gentleman there?

EMMA.

Oh yes, Sir, very well.

CAPTAIN.

Who is he?

EMMA.

Fifteen years ago, my dear uncle, you wou'd not have aſked me ſuch a queſtion.

CAPTAIN.

Zounds, I ſuſpect!—Who is it?—Tell me.

EMMA (*runs to the other arbour and embraces* BERTRAM).

He is my father.

(*A pauſe—the Brothers look at each other.*)

CAPTAIN (*aſide*).

How ill he looks!—Ah, he has had his ſorrows. Zounds! he is coming this way.

EMMA (*ſtanding in the middle of the ſtage and looking alternately at both*).

Dear uncle, come nearer.

CAPTAIN.

Well, there, then (*hobbles on one pace*).

EMMA.

Nearer, my father!

BERTRAM.

My daughter!

EMMA.

EMMA.

Your hands—your hands:—nearer, nearer—(*She draws both together. The* CAPTAIN *throws away his crutch, and the Brothers embrace*).

CAPTAIN (*taking his head with both his hands, in the greateſt emotion*).

Look at me, brother!—Eye to eye—Let me ſee whether there yet exiſts on your brow one ſpark of diſcord.

BERTRAM.

This tear, Lewis, obliterates the remembrance of all that has paſſed.

CAPTAIN (*pointing to* ANN).

Who is that old woman ſnivelling yonder?

BERTRAM.

Poor creature!—ſhe weeps for joy.

CAPTAIN.

Zounds!—I really believe I know her too.—What, old Ann!

BERTRAM.

Yes, indeed;—our old nurſe Ann.

CAPTAIN.

Give me your hand, Ann:—how goes it, my old laſs?

ANN.

I cannot ſpeak, Sir.

CAPTAIN.

Then hold your tongue by all means.—Every one can ſee the tears ſpring from your heart.—But, the devil! what is become of my gout?—I believe I threw that away with my crutch.

Emma.

BERTRAM.

How ſincerely I rejoice that your reconciliation has had ſo happy an effect on you!

BERTRAM.

I have promised my Emma in marriage to the worthy man to whose exertions I owe this happy moment.

CAPTAIN. [To Mr Bertram.]

Brother, you know,
~~Did you not know that~~ I have a son, ~~that I expect here, and~~ with regard to whom I have been villanously imposed on. ~~I designed to unite us all more closely by matching him with Emma.~~

I shall send for him home immediately, and cement our union by matching him with your little Emma; for I have heard the young rogues have no objection to each other.

R. Enter Jurk. P. 79.

BERTRAM.

How unfortunate! But, brother, my word is pledged; I have given my promise to an honest man, and should forfeit all claim to that title myself were I now to recall it.

CAPTAIN.

Plague on it! I have been as hasty in my resentment towards my son, as towards you. Here was a method which at once presented itself to make him amends, and you also; but I no sooner behold the prospect than it vanishes.

BERTRAM.

I share in your regret most sincerely, my dear brother:—but the youth of whom I speak has been a friend beyond example—He assisted me with money, professional aid, and advice.—I cou'd see that his regard for Emma was partly the occasion; but virtuous love is a source from which the most brilliant of our actions need not blush to owe their origin.

CAPTAIN.

He assisted you with money in your distress, while I—(agitated)——

Enter Jurk. P. 79.

BERTRAM.

BERTRAM.

Nay, my dear Lewis, notwithſtanding our diſunion, you aſſiſted me kindly.

CAPTAIN.

What! what, wou'd you mock me?

BERTRAM.

Have not you paid my debts?

CAPTAIN.

Heaven knows, not I. What debts?

BERTRAM.

The rent—the apothecary—The very friend of whom we ſpeak aſſured me it was you.

CAPTAIN.

Alas! he has, then, himſelf done what was *my* duty. 'Tis a ſevere ſtroke, but I deſerve it and ſubmit. The man who knew ſo well how to ſupply the place of a brother, ought to become a ſon to you.

Enter HARRY.

My dear Harry, you have been wronged. I hoped to have made you amends by the hand and heart of a good girl, but I'm born to be diſappointed.

HARRY.

Ah, Sir, I have already made my election, wou'd you but approve it.

CAPTAIN.

I won't approve anything. You're all leagued againſt me.

HARRY.

This lady, Sir, muſt plead my excuſe. She is my choice.

CAPTAIN.

curtain.

CAPTAIN.

So much the worſe. Your uncle ſays you can't have her.

HARRY.

Sir, he has promiſed her to me as his friend, and the arbitrator of your lawſuit. I however have power to releaſe him from all promiſes, in favour of the Captain's ſon.

BERTRAM.

This your ſon! This was our arbitrator too.

CAPTAIN.

He! What, Harry?

HARRY.

I am, notwithſtanding, your nephew.—And I will clear all by your fire-ſide. Permit me, then, in either character, to join my Emma in aſking both your bleſſings. (*they kneel.*)

CAPTAIN.

My children! (*they form a picture.*)

[Emma drops on her knee to the Captain—& Bertram embraces him.]

R. Enter JUNK.

JUNK.

Joy! joy! I ſee how it all is. Don't take it amiſs, old lady; but I'm ſo happy, that if I don't embrace ſomebody I ſhall break my heart (*embraces* ANN).

CAPTAIN.

We'll have no hearts broke on ſuch a day as this. —Sacred to the reconciliation of a divided family, it ſhall henceforth be a double anniverſary; and who will refuſe to hail the period which terminates a ſtate of warfare by the ſmiles of returning peace?

THE END OF THE COMEDY. (R.) Curtain.

EPILOGUE,

Written by T. DIBDIN.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

AND ſo, to ſet two brothers by the ears,
And ſpin a law-ſuit out for fifteen years,
No other reaſon by the Bard is found,
Than one poor ſimple plot of garden-ground.
Had a parterre, ſo glowing and ſo gay
As that I ſee before me, caus'd our play,
The conteſt had been noble;—here we find,
As in a garden, Nature's hand entwin'd
With art and elegance; the bluſhing roſe
With lilies mixt, ſee beauty's cheeks diſcloſe
Carnations, pinks, gay tulips meet our eyes,
And belles ſurrounded oft by butterflies.
Some fruit we boaſt—by plumbs we mean rich cits;
Critics are crabs, and pine-apples are wits.
Here, too, the laurel blooms, and many a bard
Receives from your kind hand its ſweet reward.
There is a plant, which, when the lark up ſprings,
To meet the ruſſet-mantled morn, and wings
Its flight towards the Eaſt, from lowly bed
Of parent earth, juſt rears its dewy head;
And if approach'd by rude, ungentle hand,
Shrinks in itſelf, and ceaſes to expand:
But ſhou'd the ſun its influence warm diffuſe,
It opens lovely in a thouſand hues;
And thus the Muſe in chill ſuſpenſe retires,
Till your applauſe awaken all her fires.

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